

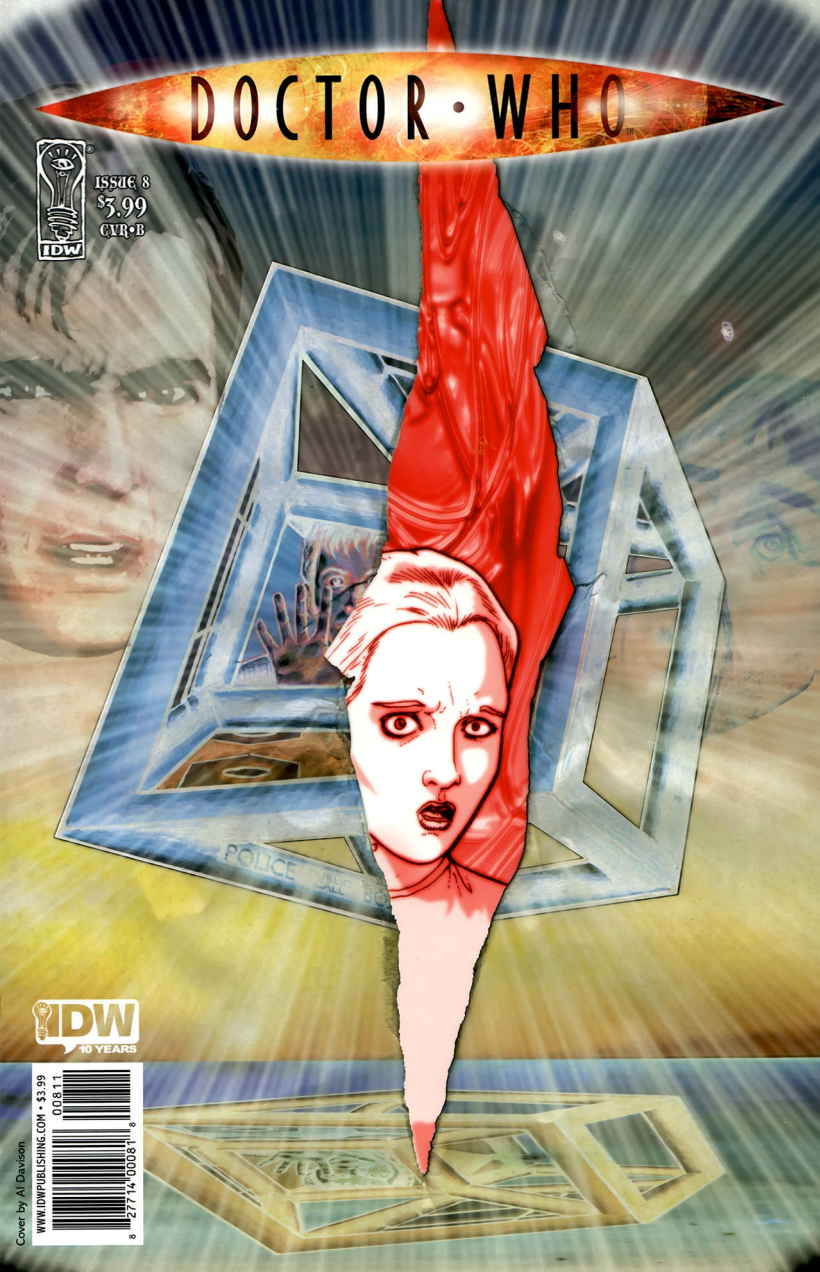
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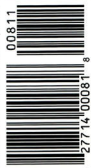


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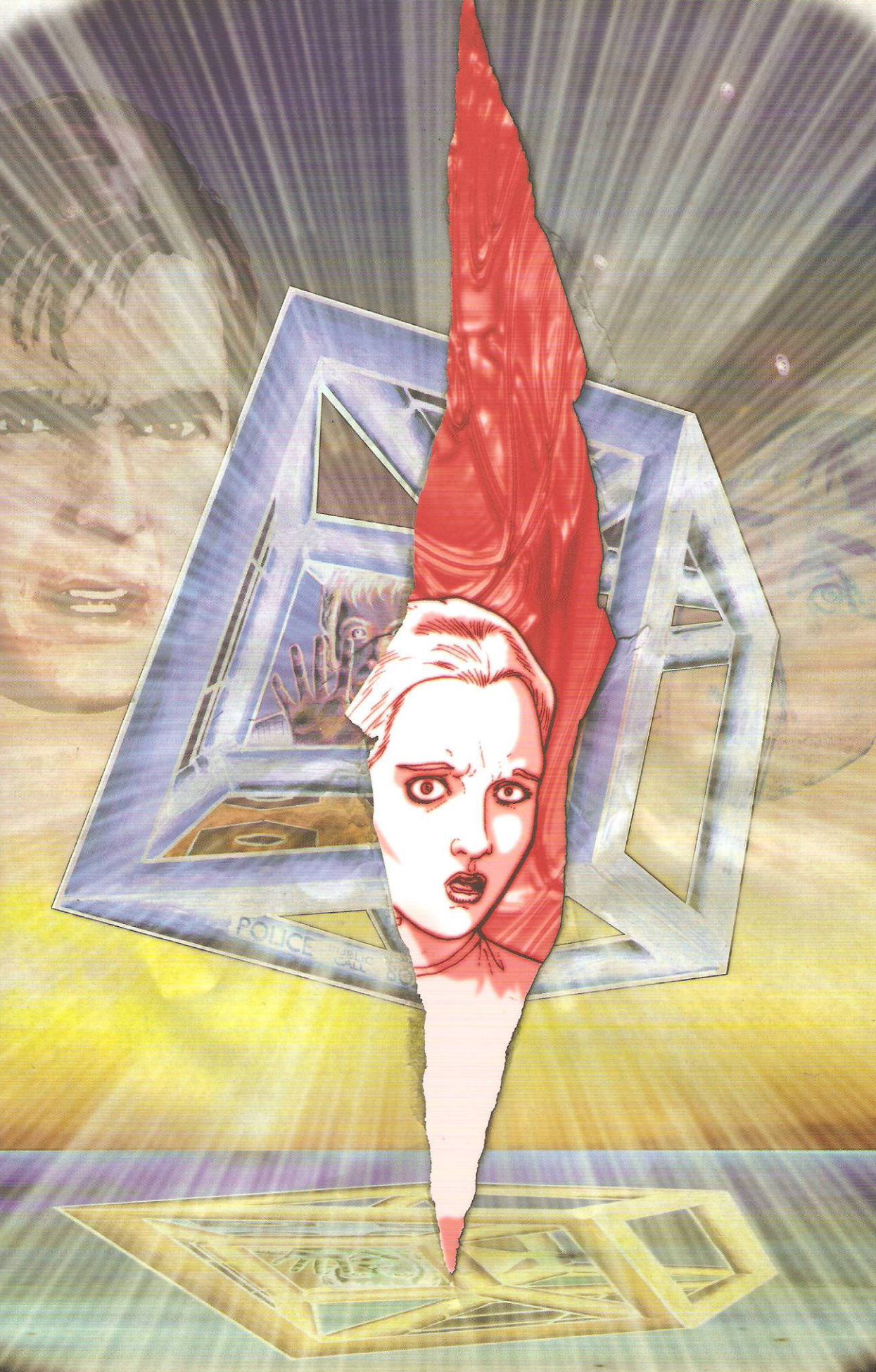


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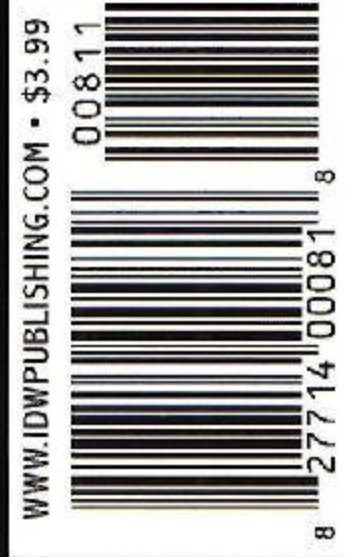
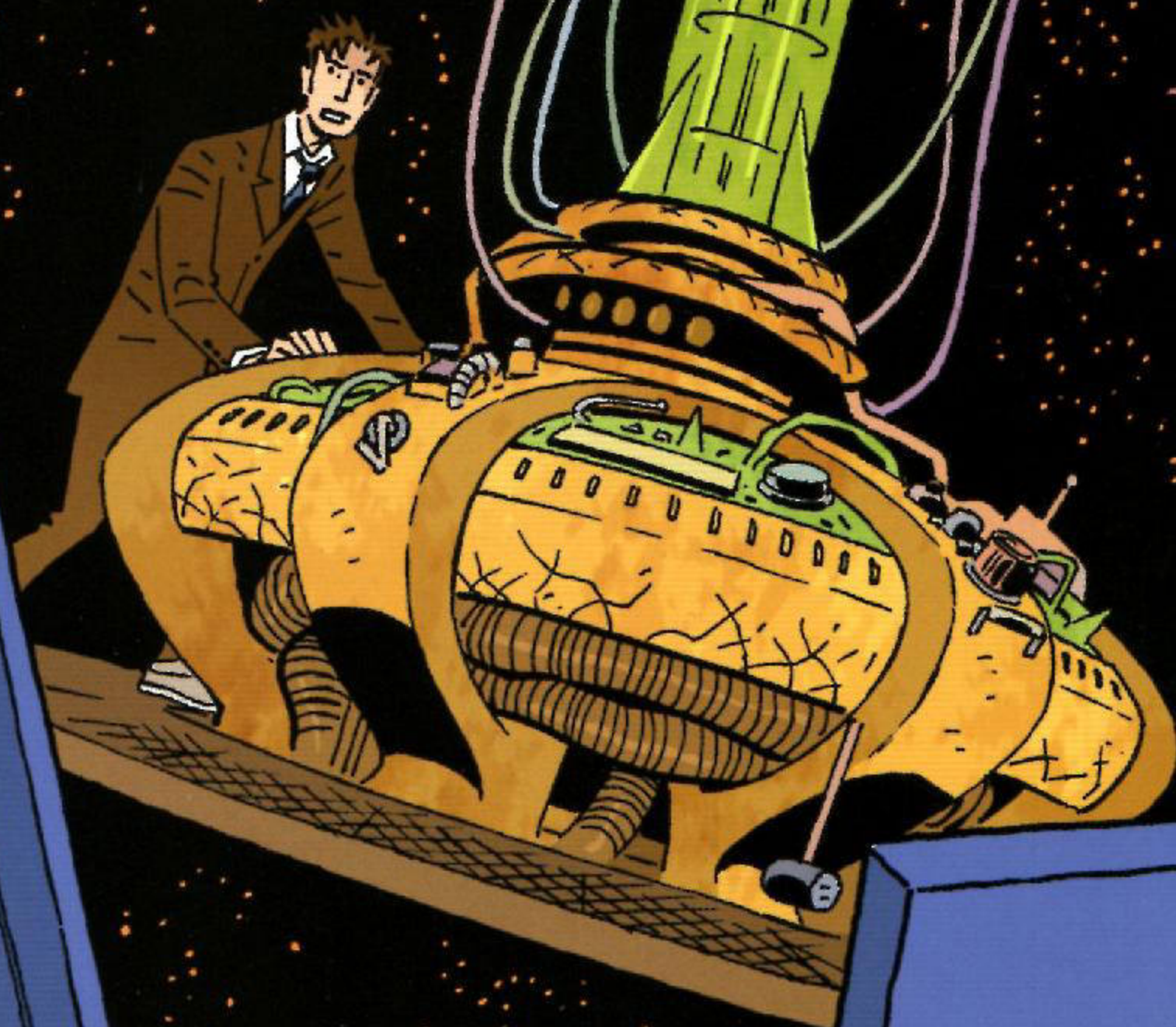


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The Doctor

He's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. He's more than 900 years old. If there's danger, he's the man who's going to save your life—and everyone on your planet. Got a problem with that?



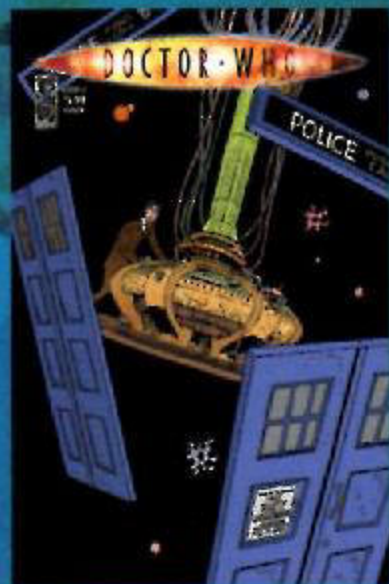
The TARDIS

The Doctor's dimensionally transcendental time/space machine, cunningly disguised as a police public call box. The trip of a lifetime is guaranteed with every journey!

THE STORY SO FAR...

With the TARDIS breached by invaders and only moments before both implode, the Doctor and his friends search for a working console room and escape the Fifth Dimension...

Doctor Who #8 • Tesseract Part 2 of 2 : Implosion



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Special thanks to Gary Russell and David Turbitt for their invaluable assistance.

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YOU HAVE
TRESPASSED FROM THE
THIRD DIMENSION INTO
OURS, EMILYWINTER.

YOUR SHIP HAS
TORN OUR REALM IN
TWO—AND WE CANNOT—WE
DID NOT ALLOW THAT.
THEREFORE...

...THE
SENTENCE IS
DEATH!

WAIT! WHAT IF THIS WAS—IS—WILL BE PART OF HER JOURNEY?

WHEN WE SEE HER FUTURE AND PAST, WE ALSO SEE HER **PRESENT** IN HERE! COULD IT BE THAT SHE WAS **SUPPOSED** TO SEE THE TEF'AREE?

FOR TOO LONG WE HAVE STOOD AND WATCHED. THE **SHE-BEING** RIPS APART THE **ENTIRE** STRUCTURE OF SPACE AND TIME, CHAOS INCARNATE...

...WHAT BETTER THAN A STATIC **MOMENT** IN TIME, A POINT OF ORDER, TO **STOP** HER?

WE ARE NOT A VIOLENT RACE, EMILYWINTER. BUT WE HAVE BEEN **INVADED**. THIS RIP IN SPACE AND TIME IS AN **ABERRATION**.

BUT WE SEE IN YOUR FUTURE THAT YOU **SEAL** IT. WE ALSO SEE THAT YOU **DIE**, **FAILING**...

WAIT A SECOND! ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT **ME** HERE?

DOES THIS MEAN THAT YOU'RE **NOT** KILLING ME?

...BUT **NEVER** DO WE SEE YOUR LIFE ENDING THROUGH OUR **OWN** ACTIONS.

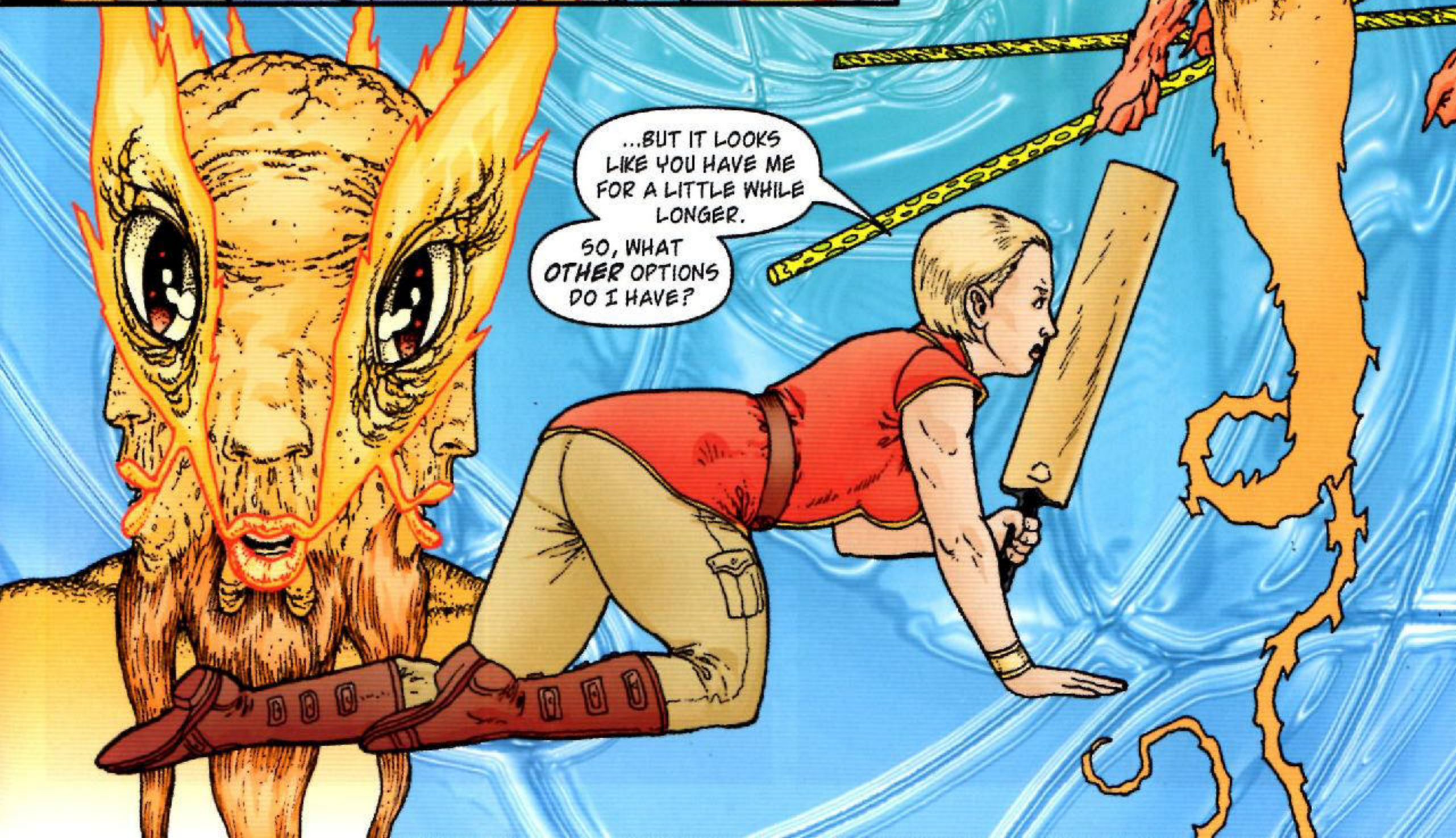
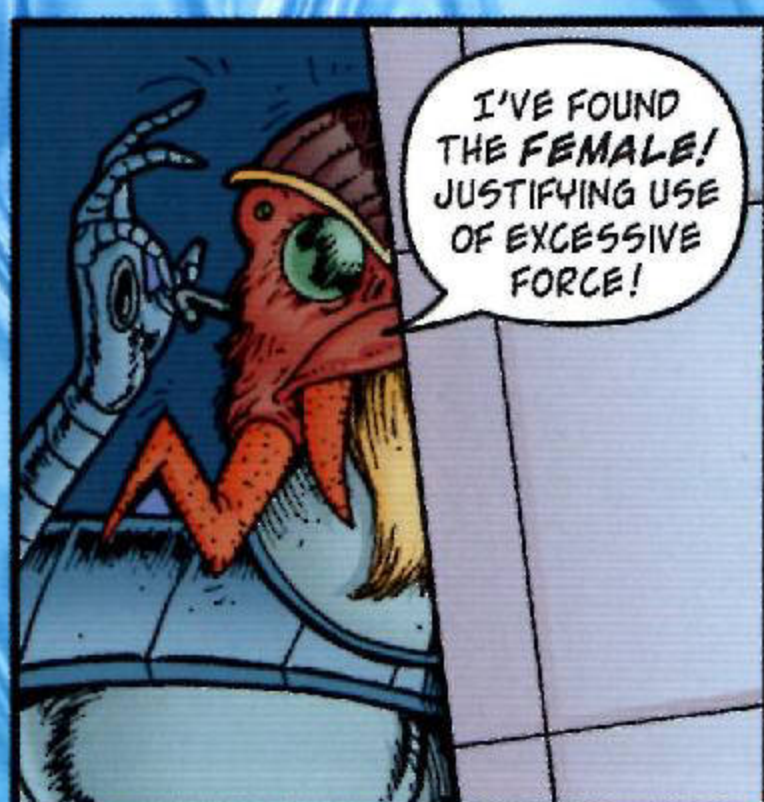
TO DO SO WOULD MAKE US AS **BAD** AS THE **SHE-BEING**.

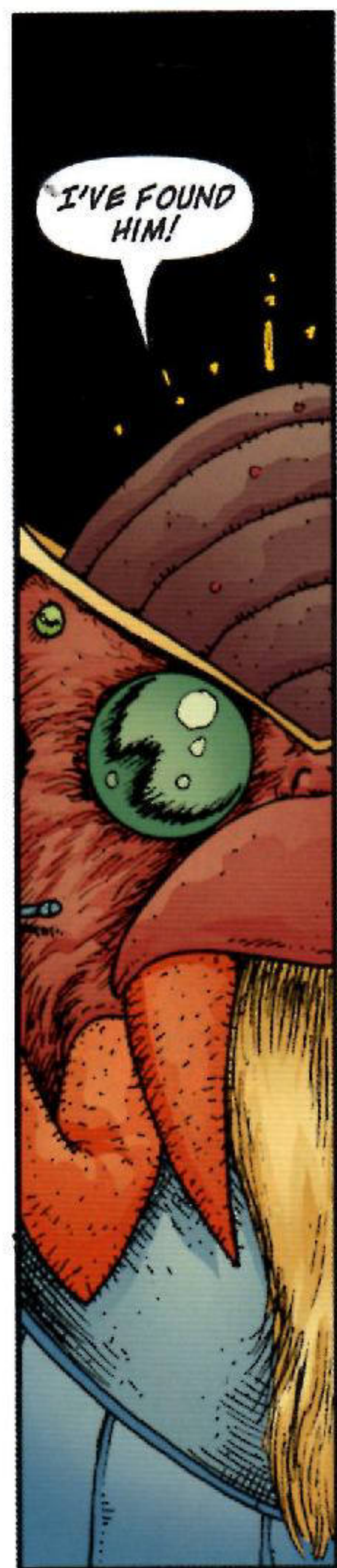
HOLD ON. WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT **FRIEND DYING** STUFF YOU SPOKE OF? OR THE **WINTER-TURNING-TO-SPRING** LINE?

WHAT ARE YOU, **FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL** **FORTUNE COOKIE** **MAKERS**?

RETURN TO YOUR WORLD AT THE PLACE AND TIME YOU ENTERED. LET US **NOT** ADD TO THE **CHAOS**.

RETURN AND **SAVE** US ALL.







—NNN—
I HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING! I CAN'T
LOSE IT NOW!

IF ONLY I COULD FIND
MY WAY TO THE REAL
CONSOLE ROOM. EVEN IF
IT WAS THROUGH THE
STORE ROOM...



...THAT WAS UNDER
THE GRATING! OF
COURSE! IT WAS IN
FRONT OF ME ALL
ALONG!

OH,
YOU CLEVER,
CLEVER
GIRL!

HANDS IN THE
AIR! HANDS IN
THE AIR!



WELL, YOU
DID SAY HANDS
IN THE AIR!

YOU CAN'T
COMPLAIN WHEN I
DO WHAT YOU SAY,
NOW CAN YOU?!



ALLEZ-OOP!
ISN'T GRATING
WONDERFUL?

THE LOVELY
CLANGING NOISE
IT MAKES WHEN YOU
WALK ON IT —



CLANG



—AND THE
ENDLESS THINGS
YOU CAN FIND
UNDERNEATH!



NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE—I WON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME!

THE DOCTOR'S ONE OF THE **GOOD GUYS!** I'VE SEEN HIM! HE **SAVED US!**

REALLY, MATTHEW FINNEGAN? WHAT DID YOU SEE? THE DOCTOR DESTROY A BUILDING BY **FIRE**, DISAPPEAR, AND THEN COME BACK?

AND HOW MUCH OF THE **SAVING** DID HE DO? IT APPEARS THAT YOU'VE SAVED HIM MORE OFTEN. THE TRAIN, THE BUG SPRAY...



WHAT ABOUT THIS ROOM? IF HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ADRIC, WHY DID HE LEAVE IT LIKE THIS?

OH, I'M SO SORRY TO TELL YOU THIS, MATTHEW—BUT HE **DIDN'T**. THIS IS JUST A **QUANTUM ECHO**.

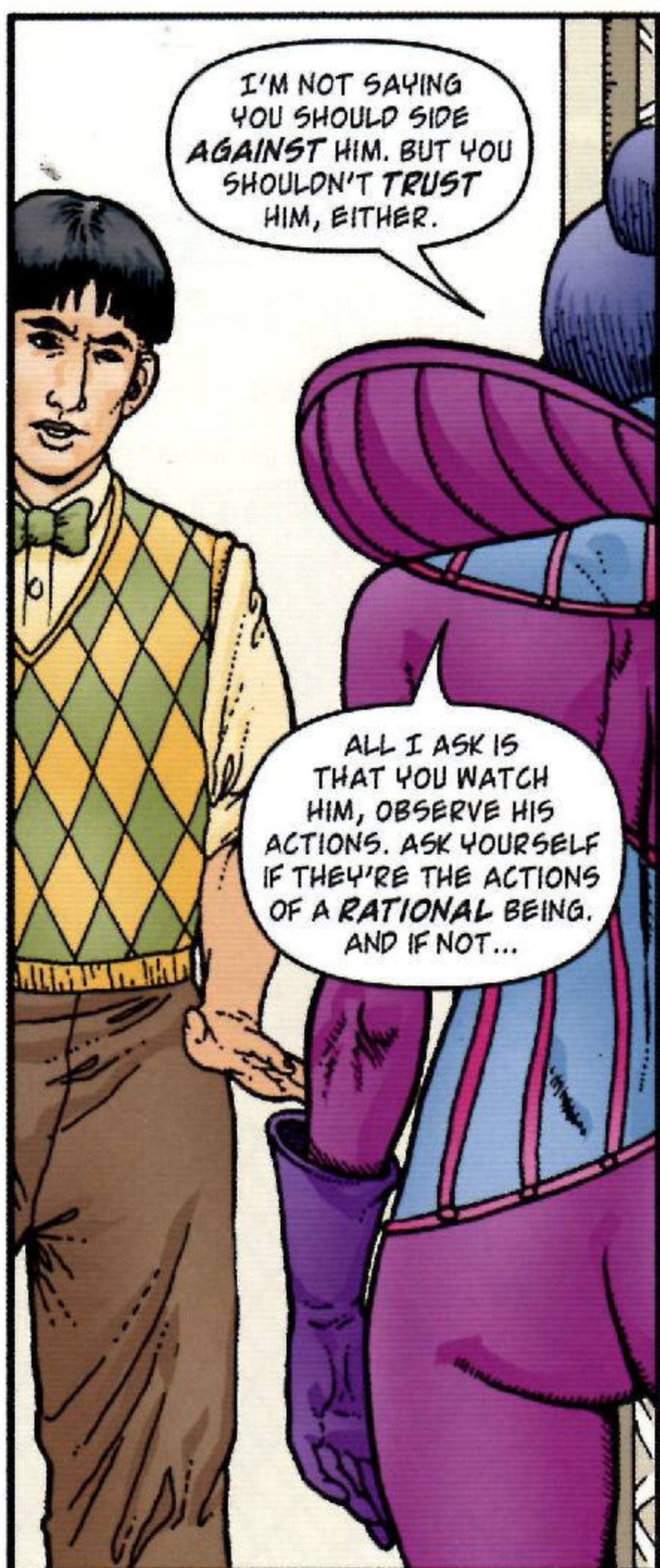
WHILE THE TARDIS IS IN TEMPORAL FLUX, OLD ROOMS REAPPEAR.



THE DOCTOR WAITED ABOUT A WEEK OR SO BEFORE GIVING VISLOR TURLOUGH THIS ROOM, LETTING HIM DO WHAT HE WANTED WITH IT.

AND WHEN HE LEFT, IT WAS SIMPLY LEFT EMPTY. THE DOCTOR HAD NO USE FOR IT.

NO MEMORIES, NO TRINKETS—**NOTHING** TO EVER LINK THESE TWO COMPANIONS TO THE TARDIS.



I'M NOT SAYING YOU SHOULD SIDE AGAINST HIM. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T **TRUST** HIM, EITHER.

ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU WATCH HIM, OBSERVE HIS ACTIONS. ASK YOURSELF IF THEY'RE THE ACTIONS OF A **RATIONAL BEING**. AND IF NOT...

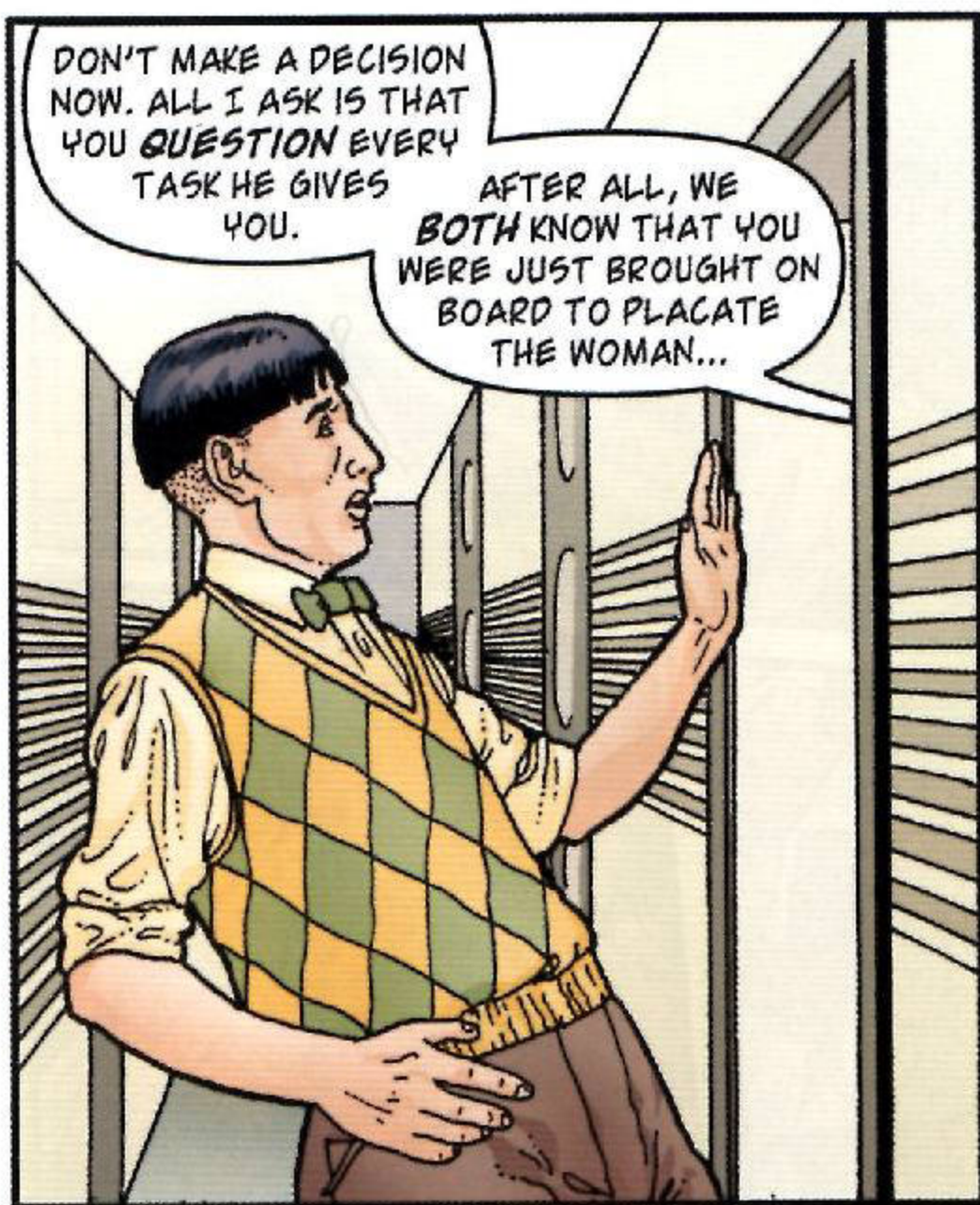


...THEN HELP ME **STOP** HIM. HELP ME BRING ORDER FROM CHAOS.

HELP ME STOP THE **SEDUCTION** OF EMILY WINTER. YOU KNOW IT WAS ALWAYS ABOUT HER, RIGHT? SHE'S SHINY. HE **LOVES SHINY**.

UNTIL THEY TARNISH. UNTIL THEY BREAK.

UNTIL THEY **DIE**.



DON'T MAKE A DECISION NOW. ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU **QUESTION** EVERY TASK HE GIVES YOU.

AFTER ALL, WE **BOTH** KNOW THAT YOU WERE JUST BROUGHT ON BOARD TO PLACATE THE WOMAN...



...SO WILL YOU BE A **TURLOUGH**... OR JUST ANOTHER **ADRIC**?



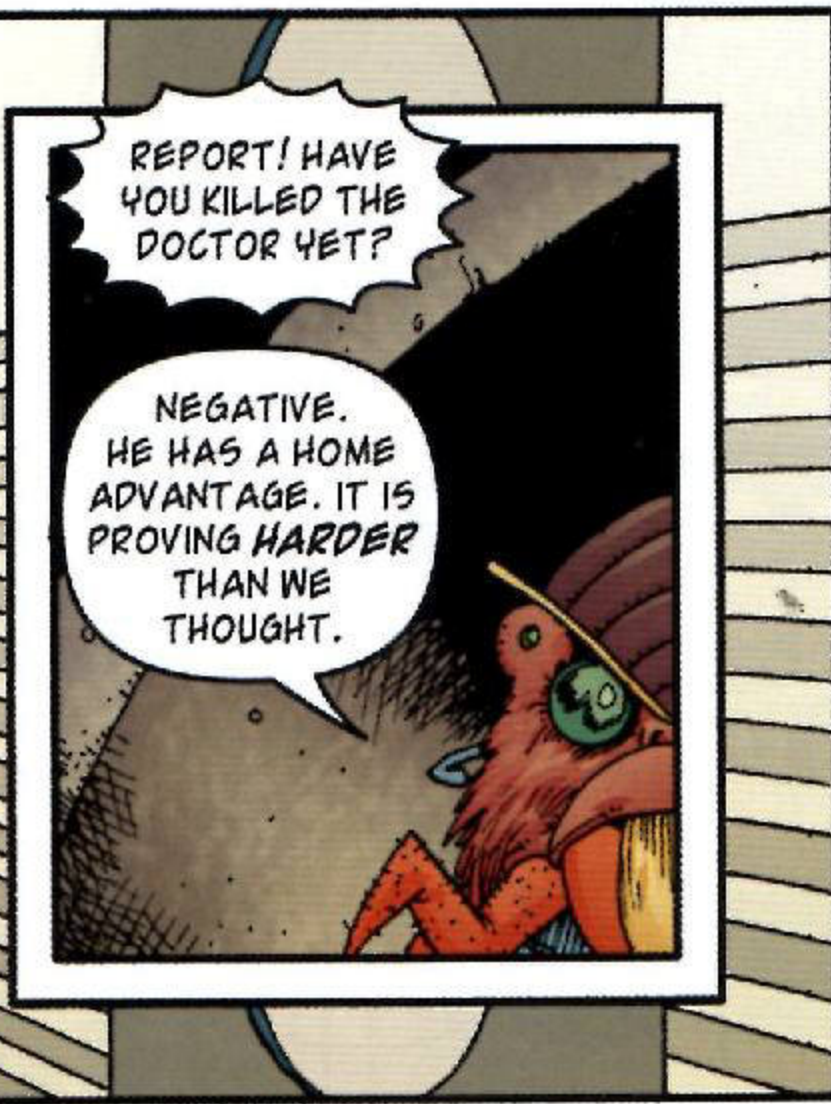
NO! THESE ARE **LIES**! HE TOOK US BOTH BECAUSE HE WANTED TO!

I **WASN'T** A MERCY CHOICE! I WON'T LISTEN!



HUMANS. SUCH FUN.

SO... **PLIABLE**.



REPORT! HAVE YOU KILLED THE DOCTOR YET?

NEGATIVE. HE HAS A HOME ADVANTAGE. IT IS PROVING **HARDER** THAN WE THOUGHT.

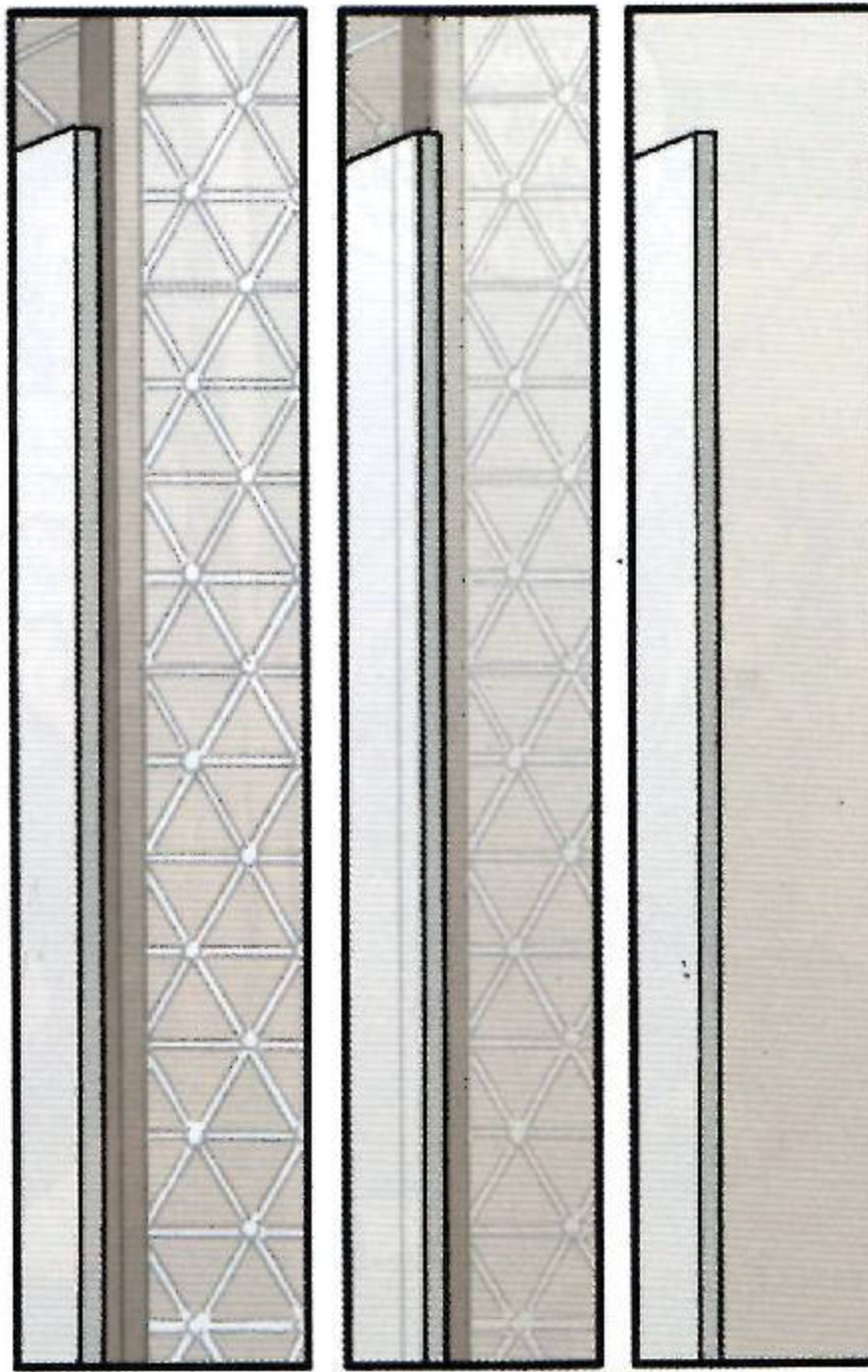


OR YOU'RE MORE **STUPID** THAN I THOUGHT.

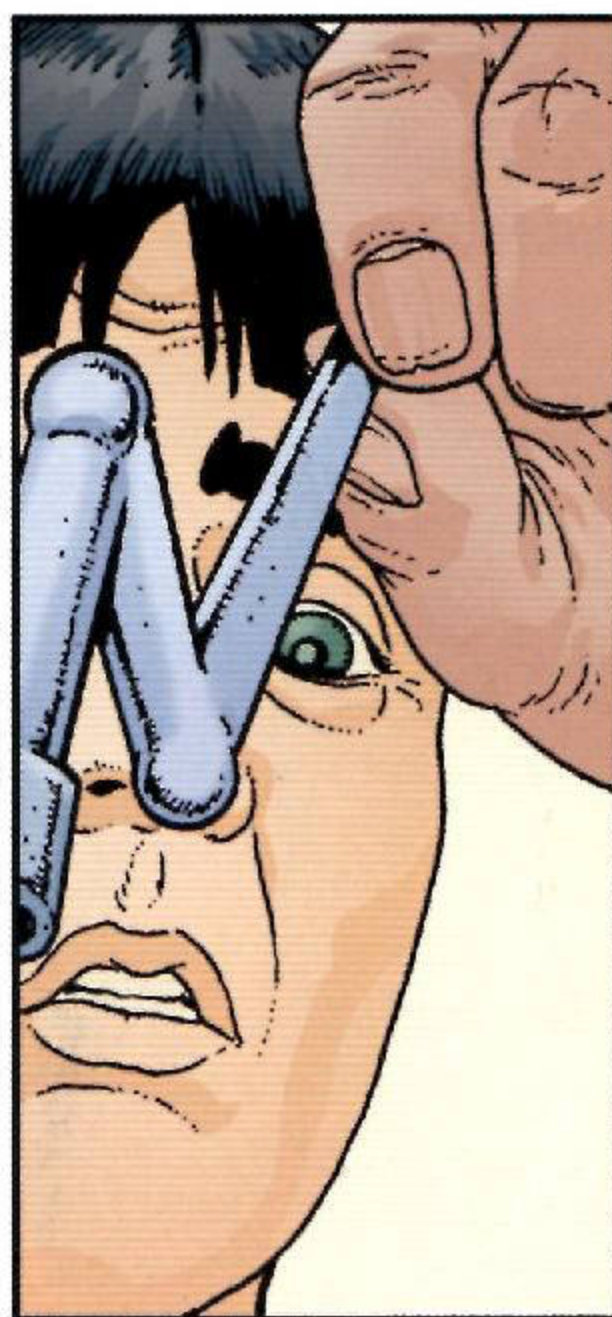
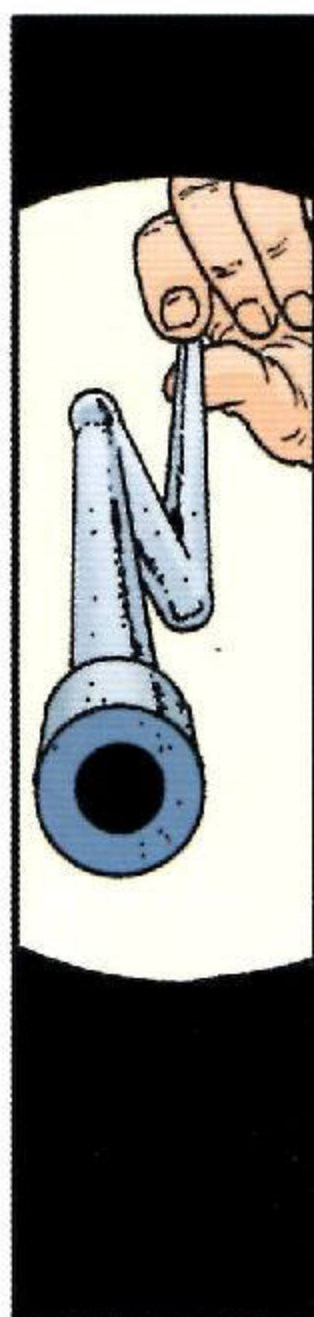
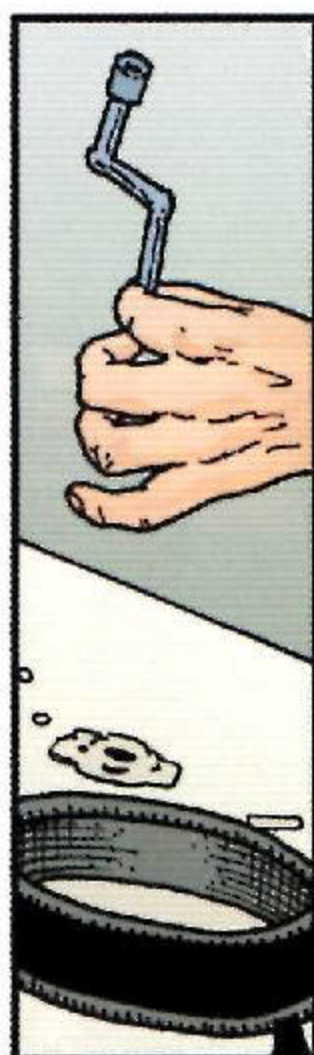
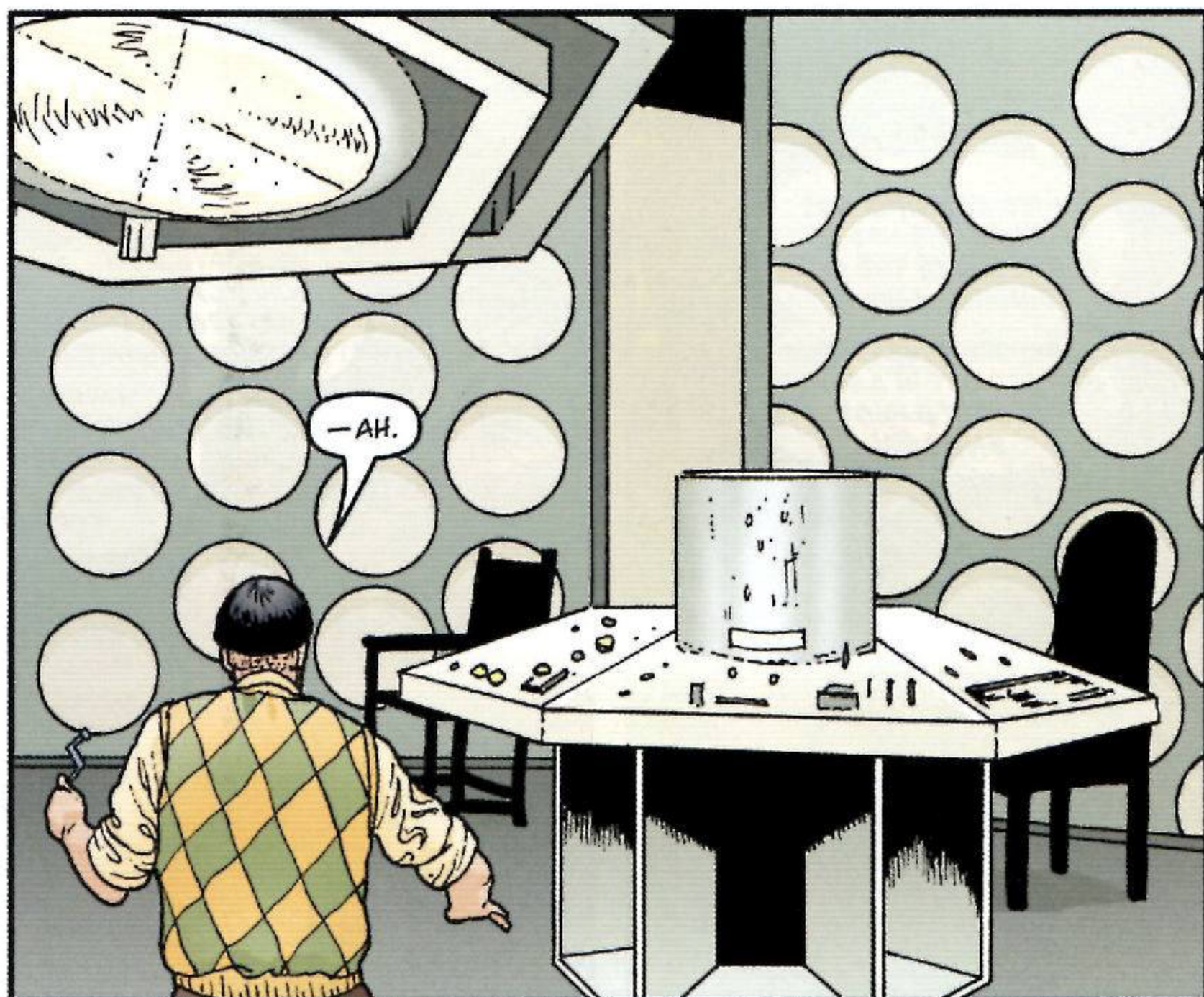
BELAY THAT ORDER. I NEED THE DOCTOR KEPT **ALIVE**. I HAVE THE ITEM... AND A **NEW** PLAN.



THIS ONE IS GOING TO BE SO **MUCH MORE FUN**.









WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME! WE NEED TO BREAK OUT OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION NOW...

...BEFORE EVERYTHING IS WIPED OUT IN A FLASH OF WHITE-HOT ENERGY!

THE LAST OF THE SQUADS ARE RETURNING NOW.



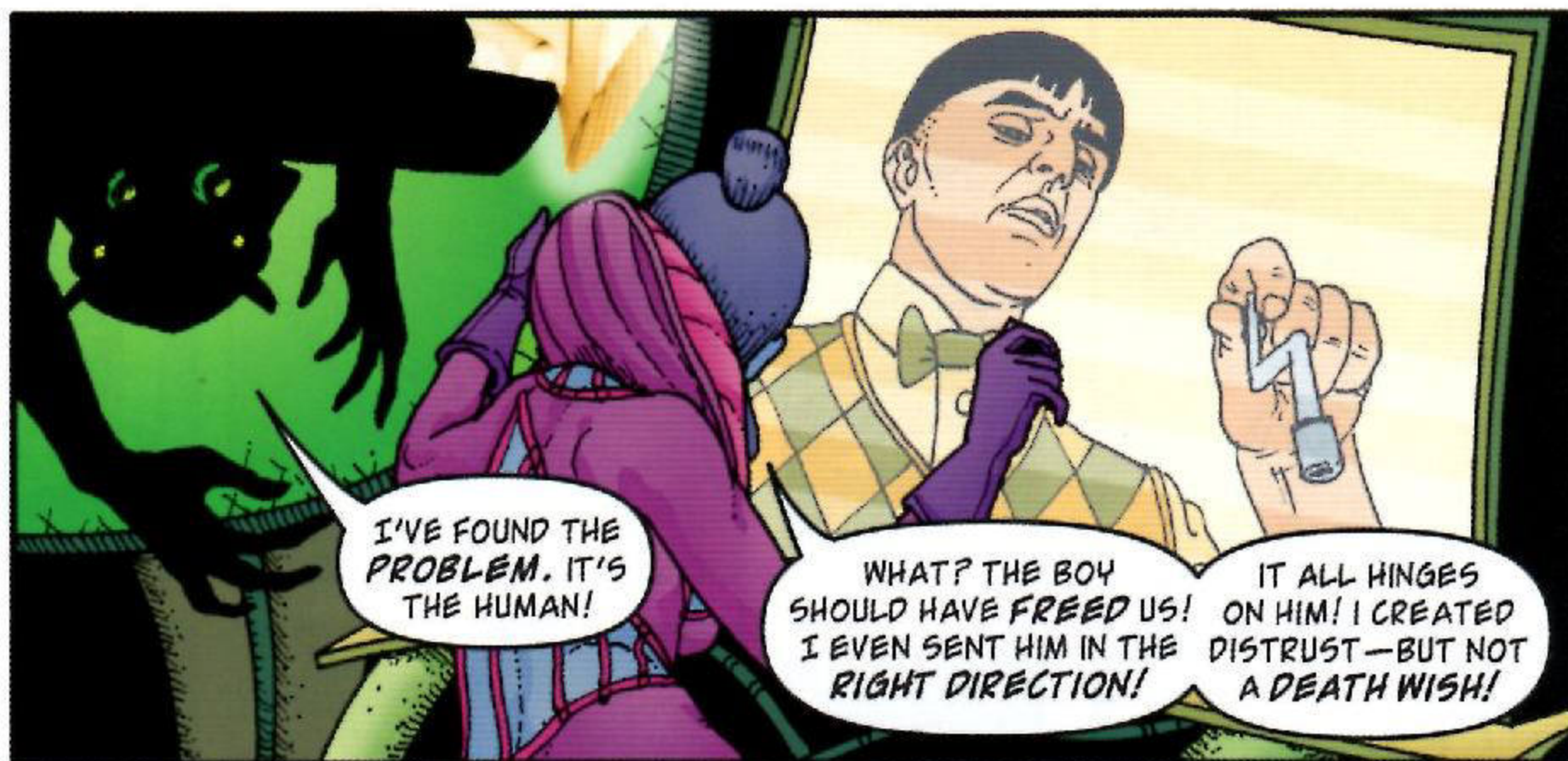
WE LEAVE NOW. I DON'T CARE WHAT ACARI ARE LEFT ON THE DOCTOR'S SHIP.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE HEART OF A SUPERNOVA? NO? THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT!



SIR! WE'VE NOT ENTERED NORMAL SPACE YET! WE'RE STILL MERGED—AND UNABLE TO LEAP!

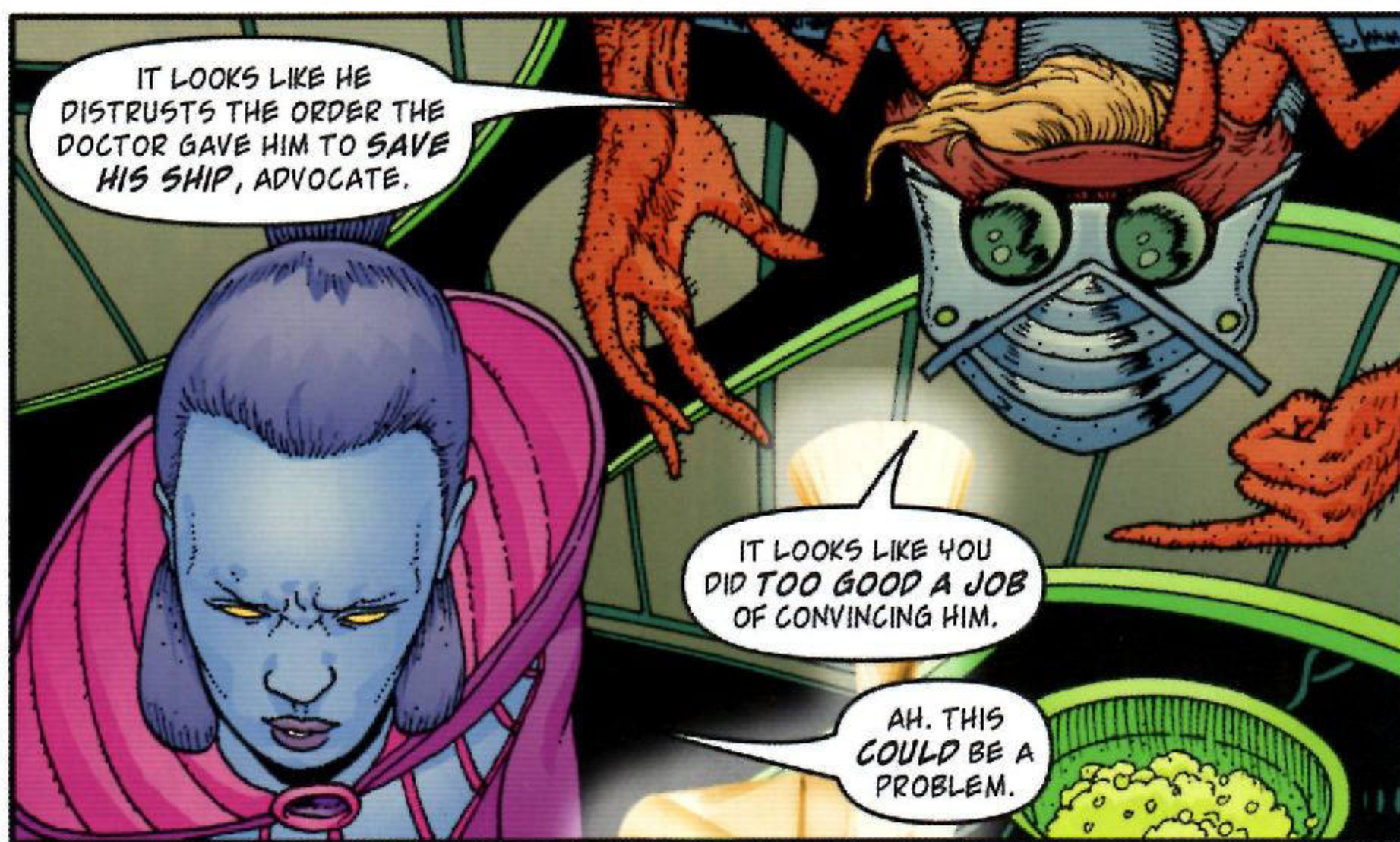
WE'RE TRAPPED!



I'VE FOUND THE PROBLEM. IT'S THE HUMAN!

WHAT? THE BOY SHOULD HAVE FREED US! I EVEN SENT HIM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

IT ALL HINGES ON HIM! I CREATED DISTRUST—BUT NOT A DEATH WISH!

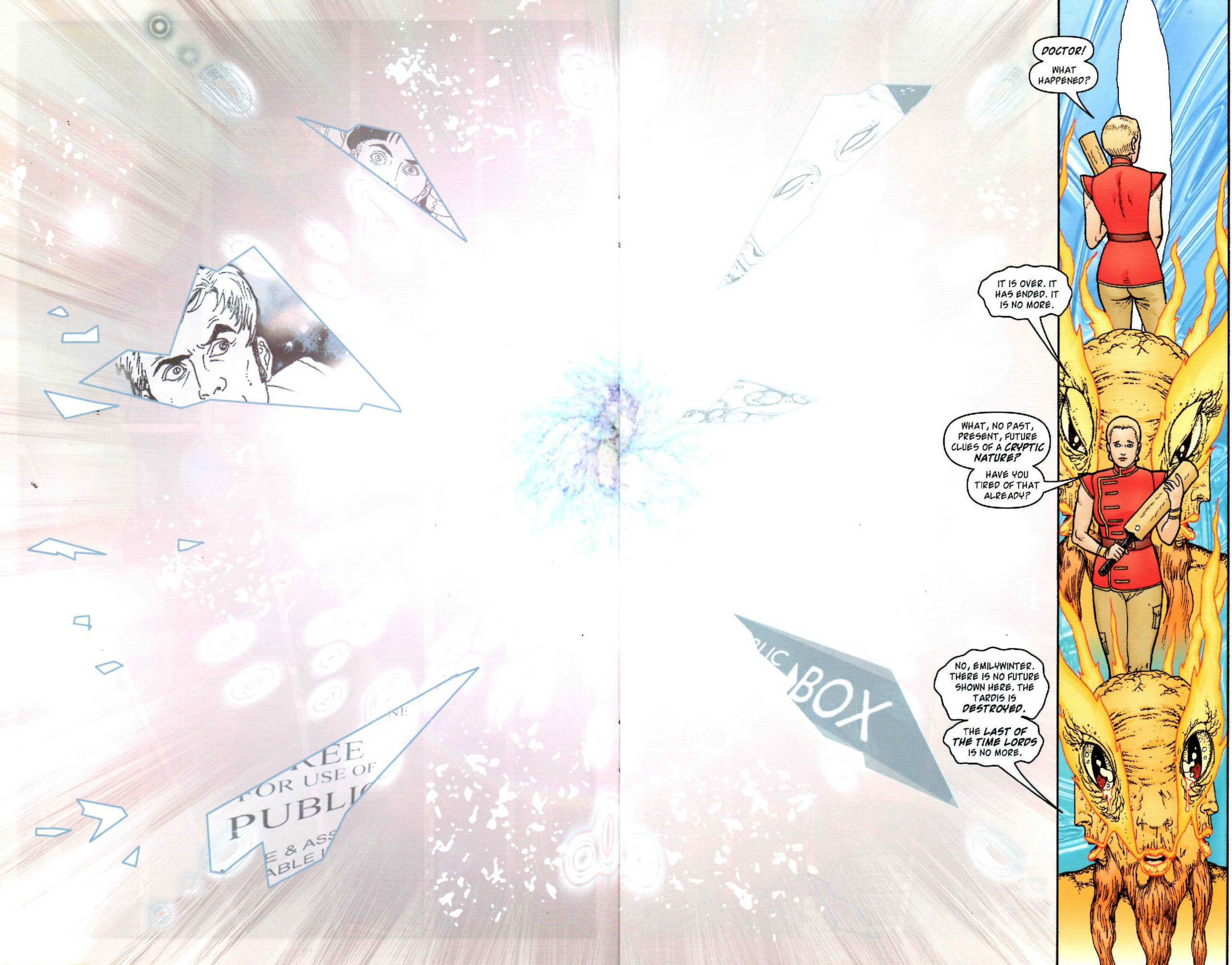


IT LOOKS LIKE HE DISTRUSTS THE ORDER THE DOCTOR GAVE HIM TO SAVE HIS SHIP, ADVOCATE.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU DID TOO GOOD A JOB OF CONVINCING HIM.

AH. THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM.





DOCTOR!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

IT IS OVER. IT
HAS ENDED. IT
IS NO MORE.

WHAT, NO PAST,
PRESENT, FUTURE
CLUES OF A CRYPTIC
NATURE?

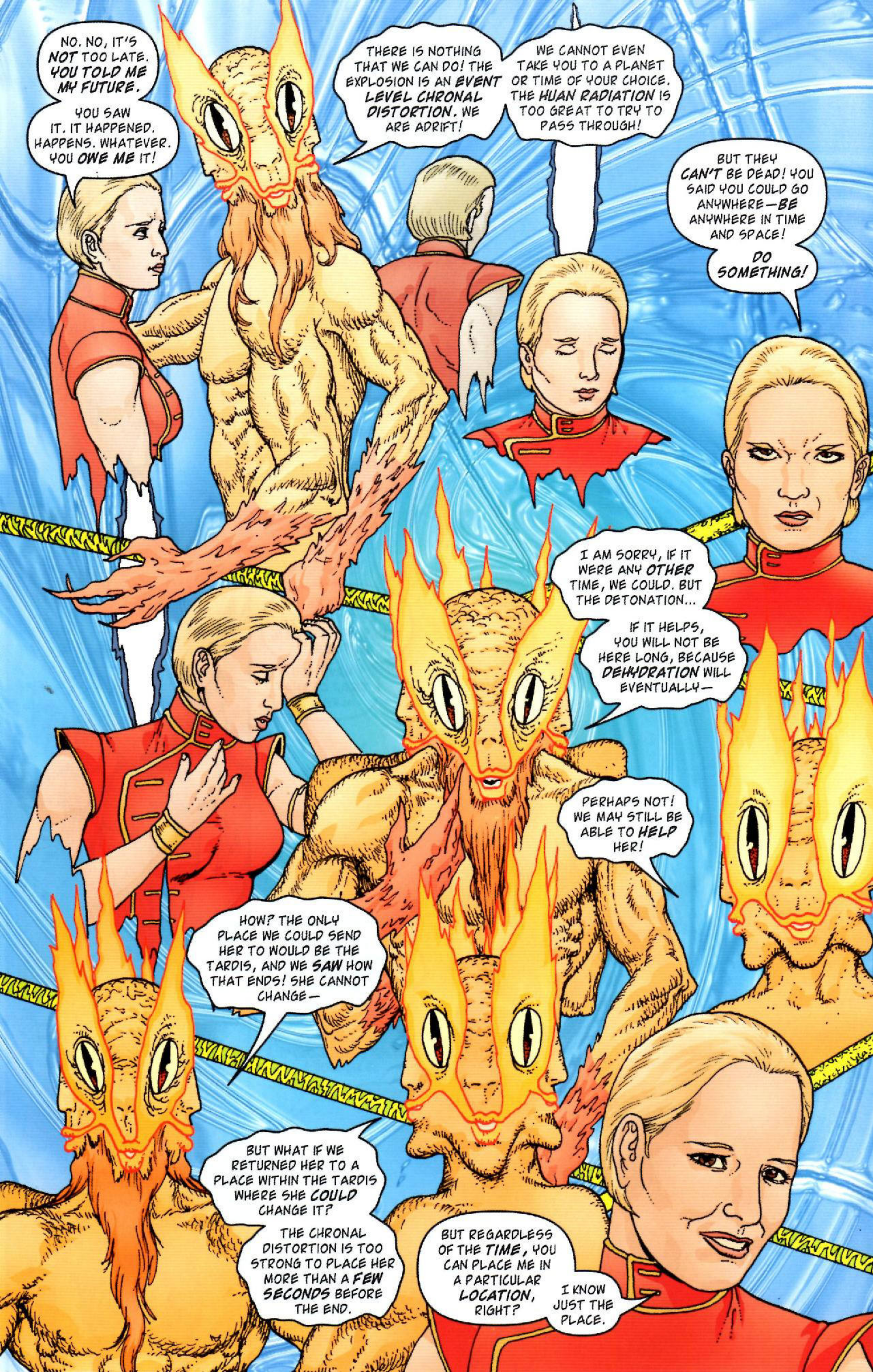
HAVE YOU
TIRED OF THAT
ALREADY?

NO, EMILY WINTER.
THERE IS NO FUTURE
SHOWN HERE. THE
TARDIS IS
DESTROYED.

THE LAST OF
THE TIME LORDS
IS NO MORE.

KEEP
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
E & ASS
ABLE

BOX



NO. NO, IT'S
NOT TOO LATE.
YOU TOLD ME
MY FUTURE.

YOU SAW
IT. IT HAPPENED.
HAPPENS. WHATEVER.
YOU OWE ME IT!

THERE IS NOTHING
THAT WE CAN DO! THE
EXPLOSION IS AN EVENT
LEVEL CHRONAL
DISTORTION. WE
ARE ADrift!

WE CANNOT EVEN
TAKE YOU TO A PLANET
OR TIME OF YOUR CHOICE.
THE HUAN RADIATION IS
TOO GREAT TO TRY TO
PASS THROUGH!

BUT THEY
CAN'T BE DEAD! YOU
SAID YOU COULD GO
ANYWHERE—BE
ANYWHERE IN TIME
AND SPACE!

DO
SOMETHING!

I AM SORRY, IF IT
WERE ANY OTHER
TIME, WE COULD. BUT
THE DETONATION...

IF IT HELPS,
YOU WILL NOT BE
HERE LONG, BECAUSE
DEHYDRATION WILL
EVENTUALLY—

PERHAPS NOT!
WE MAY STILL BE
ABLE TO HELP
HER!

HOW? THE ONLY
PLACE WE COULD SEND
HER TO WOULD BE THE
TARDIS, AND WE SAW
HOW THAT ENDS! SHE CANNOT
CHANGE—

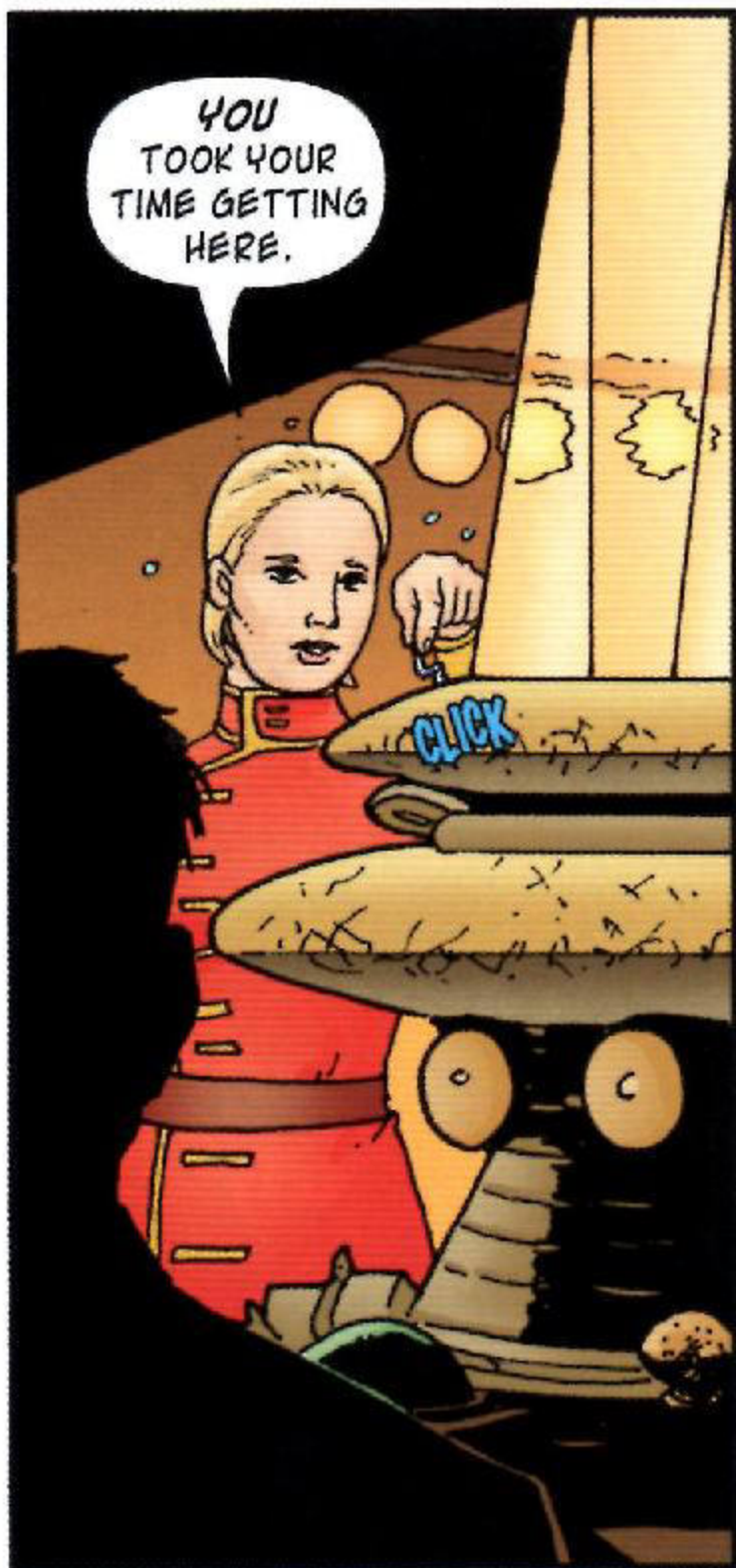
BUT WHAT IF WE
RETURNED HER TO A
PLACE WITHIN THE TARDIS
WHERE SHE COULD
CHANGE IT?

THE CHRONAL
DISTORTION IS TOO
STRONG TO PLACE HER
MORE THAN A FEW
SECONDS BEFORE
THE END.

BUT REGARDLESS
OF THE TIME, YOU
CAN PLACE ME IN
A PARTICULAR
LOCATION,
RIGHT?

I KNOW
JUST THE
PLACE.







VWORP
VWORP



IT'S WORKING!
WE'RE SPLITTING!

WELL, THAT
OR WE'RE ABOUT TO
DISINTEGRATE INTO A
MILLION SQUILLION
PIECES!



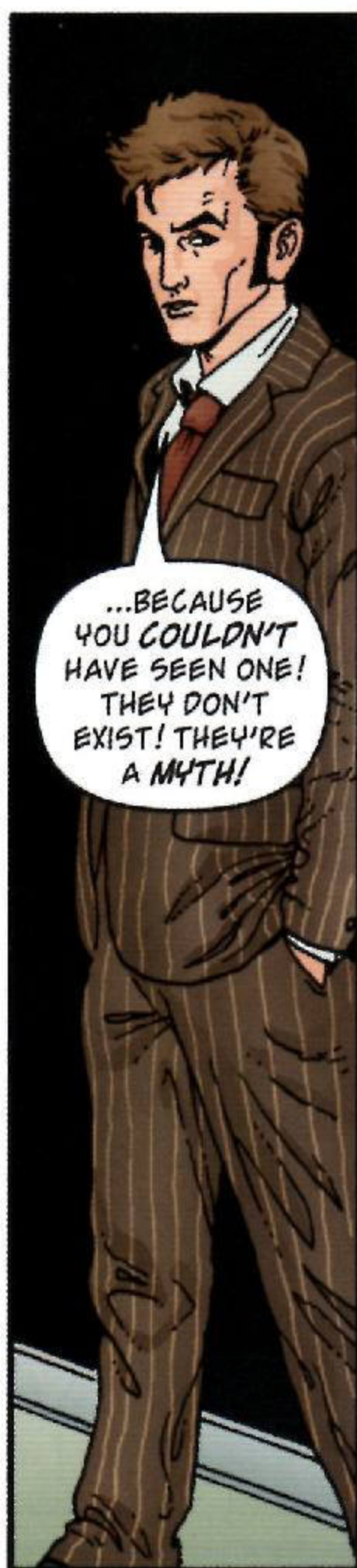
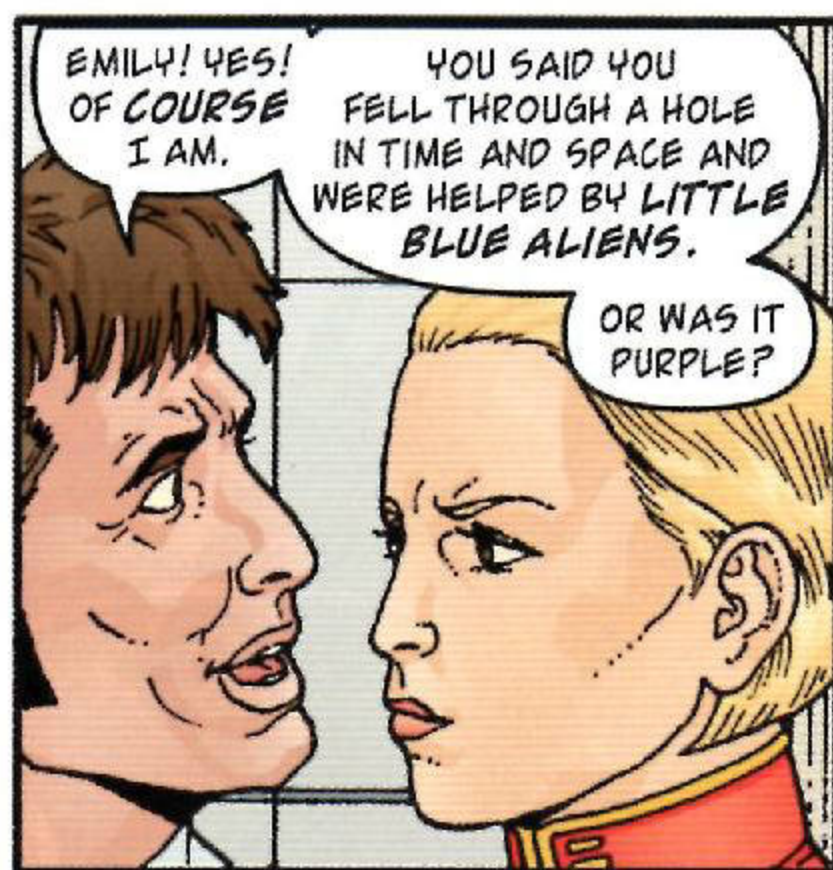
LOOKS LIKE WE
SCARED THE ACARI
AWAY... AND GOOD
RIDDANCE TO
THEM.

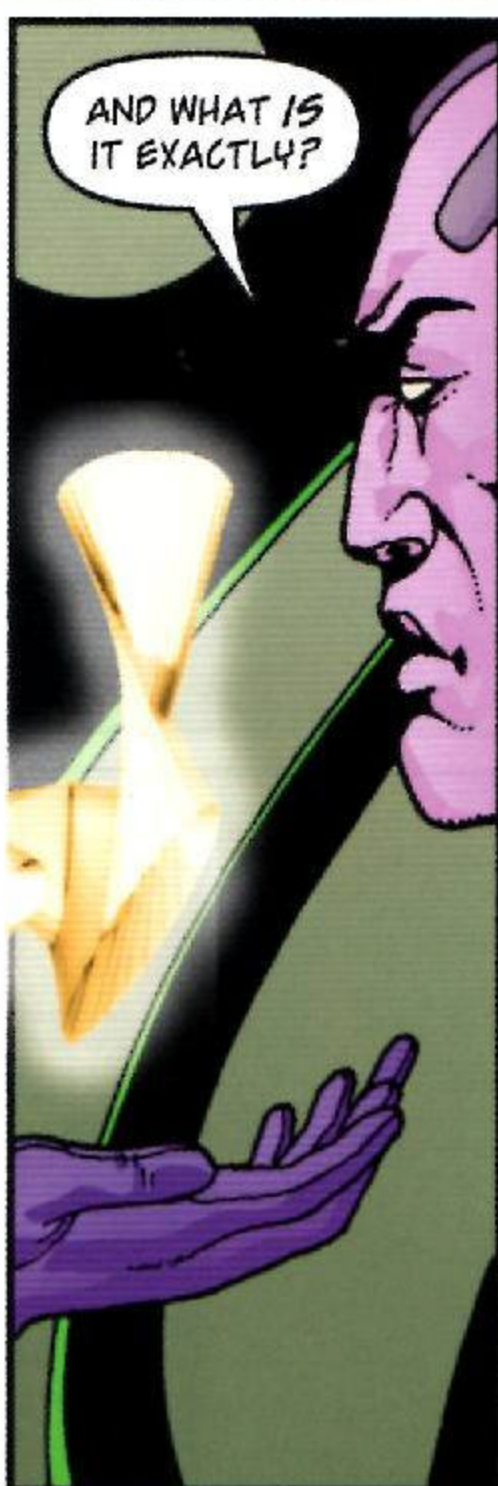
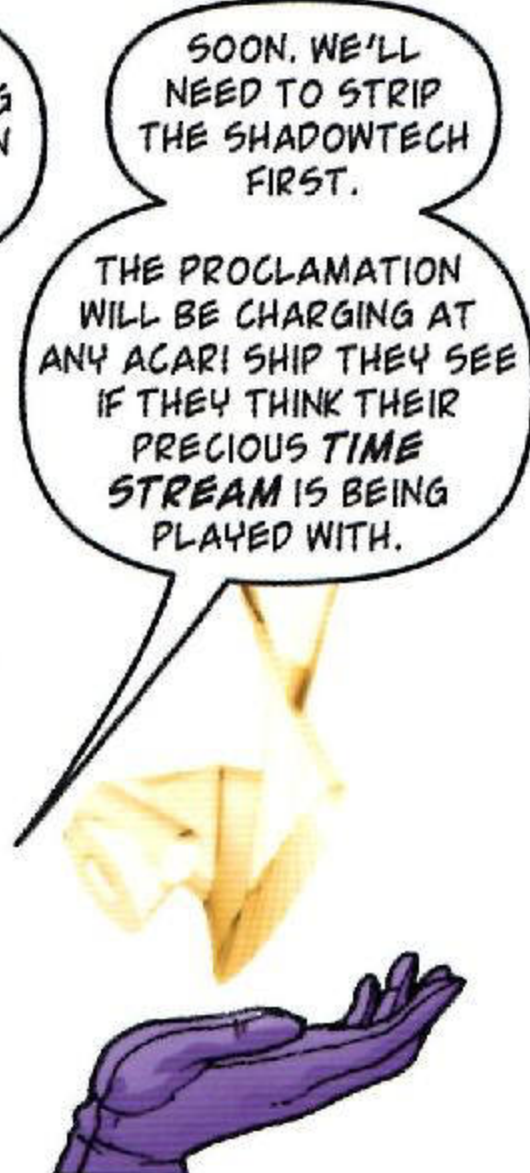
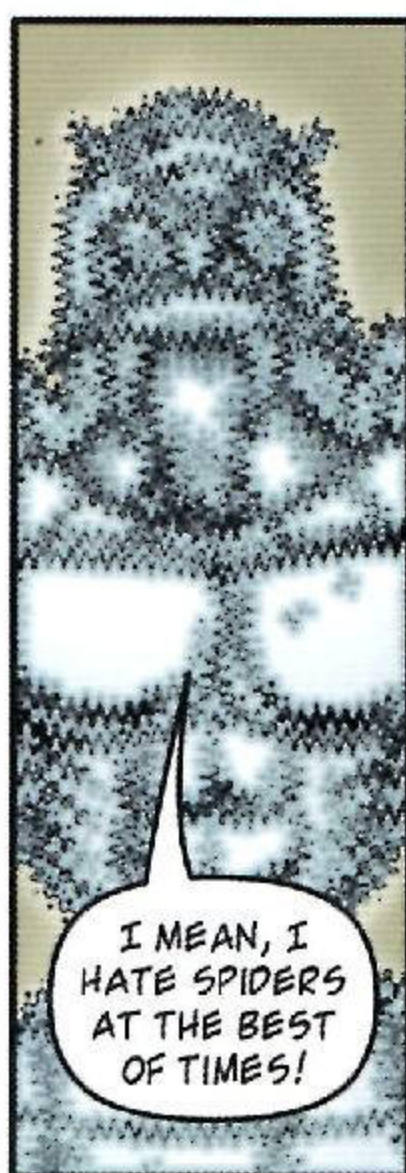
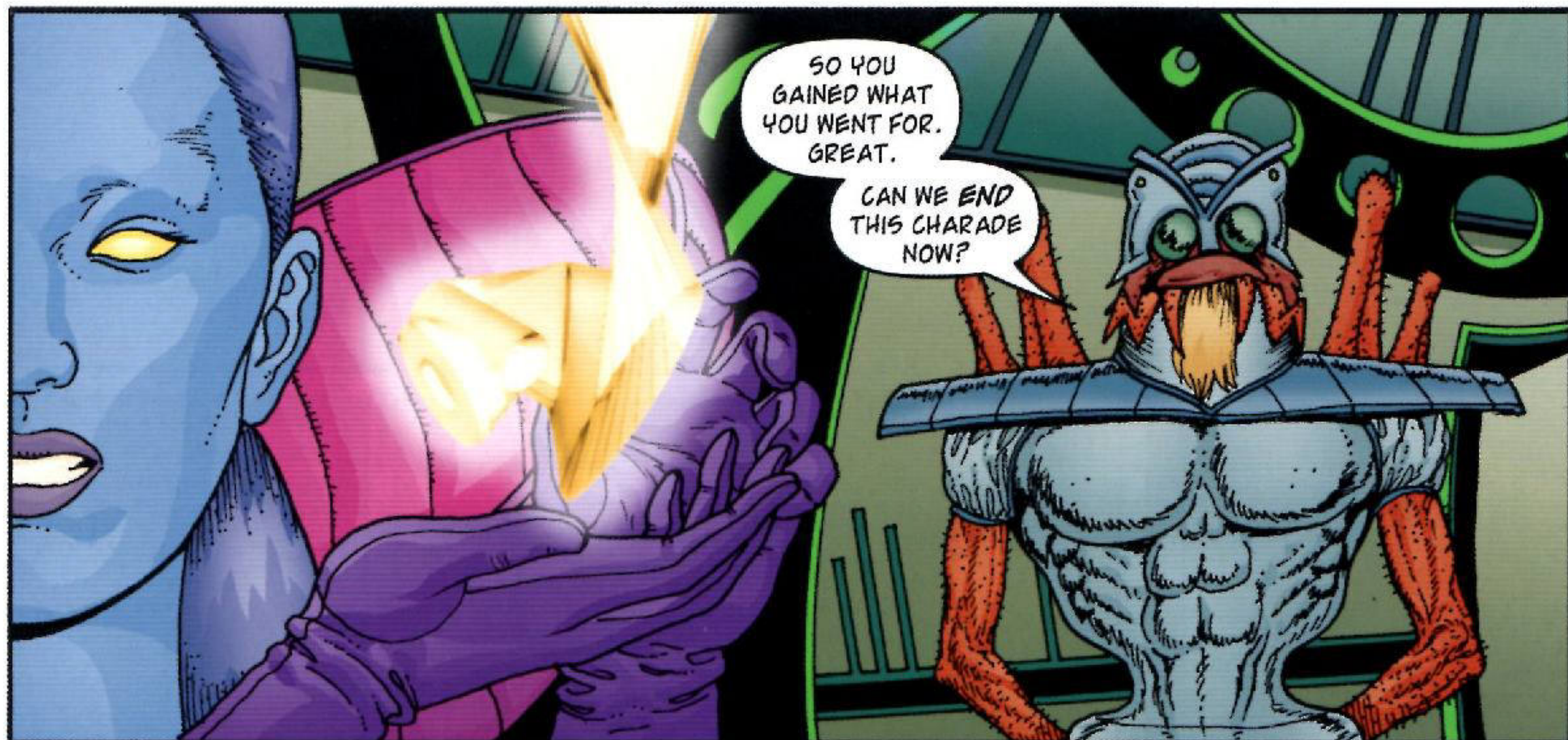
SO, MATTHEW...
DID YOU FIND ANY
INTERESTING LITTLE
ROOMS OUT THERE?
ANY FUN LITTLE
HIDEAWAYS?

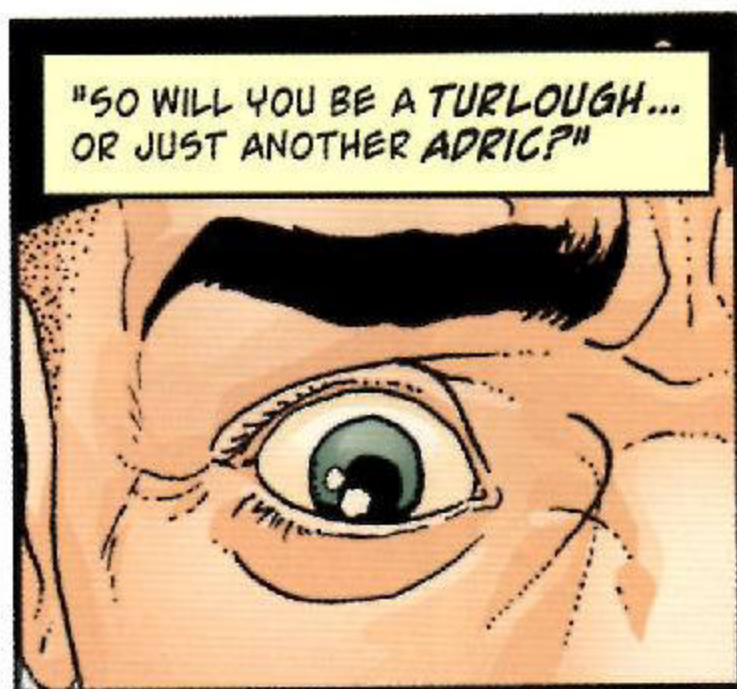
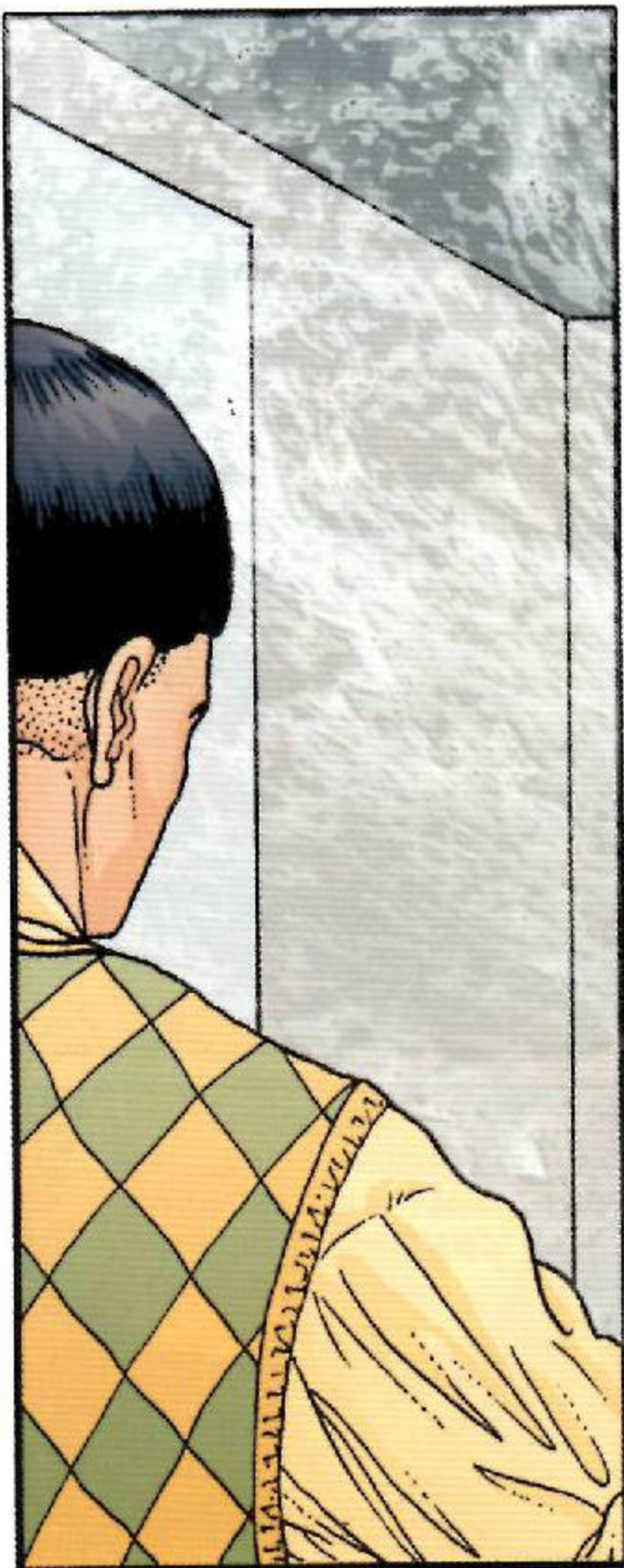
NO. I FOUND
NOTHING. JUST
EMPTY ROOMS.

I FOUND A
CONSOLE... BUT
I WAS TOO
LATE.

GUESS IT
WASN'T MY
TIME TO BE
A HERO.







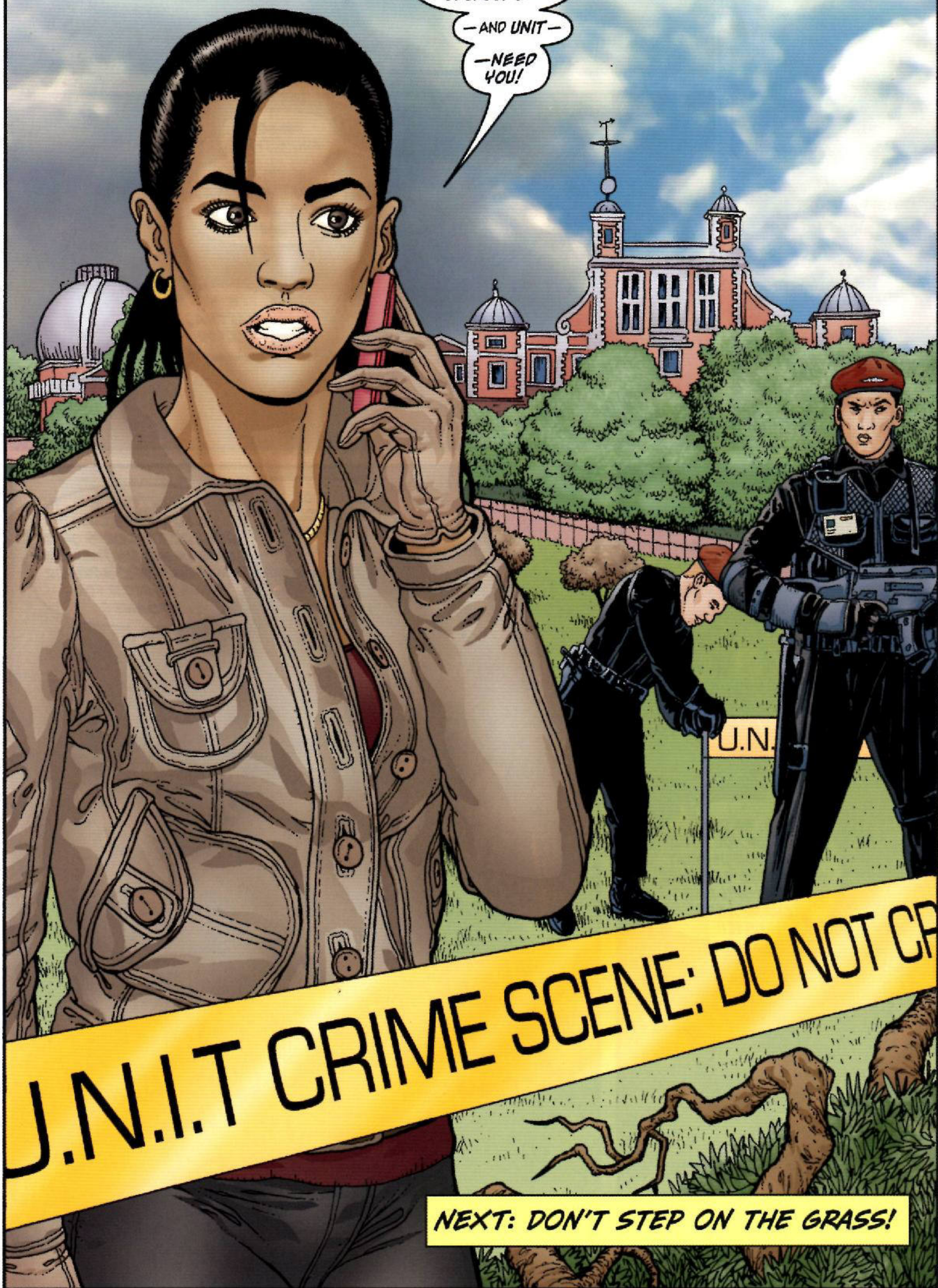


I'M IN ABOVE MY
HEAD ON A PROBLEM
WE CURRENTLY
HAVE.

SO YOU NEED TO
GET TO GREENWICH
PARK IN LONDON RIGHT
NOW, DOCTOR.
BECAUSE I—

—AND UNIT—

—NEED
YOU!



NEXT: DON'T STEP ON THE GRASS!

NEXT MONTH ISSUE #9

DOCTOR • WHO™

